the sea has been the theme of innumerable poems. You may recall that famous passage in Rabindranath Tagore's *Sadhana* in which the river, even from the beginning' when it starts on its career, is described as leaping forward with the one song, ‘I am for the sea/ All these mean one thing in common—the irresistibility of attraction. The *ankola* seed will go nowhere but must go back to the foot of its own stem. The needle can never divorce itself from the magnet. The true wife can never think of the possibility of separate existence apart from her spouse. The creeper not only depends for its vitality on, but owes its very life to, the tree around which it entwines itself. Science tells you of parasites in the vegetable and in the animal kingdom. And it is a fact of actual experience in either of these spheres that if the * host' dies, the parasite dies also. The latter derives all its nutrition from the former. As for the river, it is no river that docs not go into the sea but exhausts itself before it reaches the goal. All those examples are brought into use by the great sage to illustrate how there subsists an interminable, immortal relation; beginning with proximity and closing with identity, between the human and the Divine. These are not to be treated as mere variants of the same thing. They present rather the several stages in the ascent of the soul to God. *BJiakti* is not‘ Oh God I am in Thee ; I am in Thee/ It begins with the consciousness of God and ends—if it

may be said to know any end at all—with absorption in God. And all the intervening stages in this progress are beautifully illustrated by the series of similes before us. (1) Why the *ankola* seed goes and touches and, as it touches it clings fast to the foot of its own stem, as though by instinct, we cannot tell. Probably, there is something in the trunk or some innate urge in itself. Anyhow, this marks the prime, initial elementary stage. (2) There is the next step at which a mutual relation of conscious approximation to each other starts. Something there is imbedded in the nature and substance of the two objects which draws the needle to the magnet. (3) Proceeding further to the *sadtwi* and the *vibhu,* we come to a reciprocity in which—unlike in the earlier stages of a powerful pull on one side and passive obedience on the other—each finds her or his being in love of the other. Illustrative of this we have any number of beautiful stories both historic and mythical. You have heard that story of a mutually loving couple in which, referring to another couple, the husband says :

How faithful must have been that wife 5
When she heard her husband
had passed away, she went and drowned
herself in a well\ Gently,

observes the wife, ' Yes; that was very good, indeed. But it is not tlie perfect .ideal.;". ' How do you mean ?'

ˢ. Why, tha-e woman should.